TEMPLETON

AND

MALIBRAN

LETTERS & ANECDOTES

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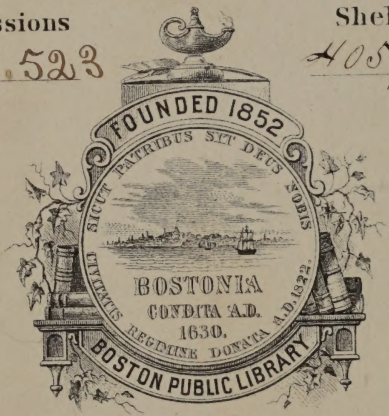

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Templeton & Malibran.

TEMPLETON & MALIBRAN.

REMINISCENCES

OF THESE

Renowned Singers,

WITH ORIGINAL

LETTERS & ANECDOTES.

Three Authentic Portraits by Mayall.

Edited by W. H. H.

LONDON:

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JOHN TEMPLETON,

THE RENOWNED TENOR.

[*PORTRAIT IN 1868—AGE 66.*]

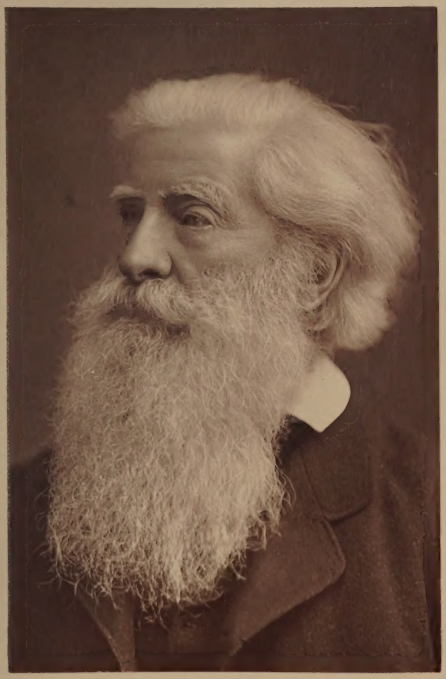
MADAME MALIBRAN,

THE "SIREN OF EUROPE."

[*DIED IN 1836—AGE 28.*]

JOHN TEMPLETON

LATER IN LIFE.



[*PORTRAIT IN 1879—AGE 77.*]

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JOHN TEMPLETON.

PROFESSIONAL CAREER.

John Templeton, youngest son of Robert Templeton, a manufacturer, was born (in 1802) at the village of Riccarton, adjoining Kilmarnock (Ayrshire), near the birth-place of *Burns*, the great Scotch poet. John grew up "a bonnie rosy laddie," as the Scotch gossips called him, and at the age of ten years possessed a voice which induced his eldest brother, then a celebrated concert singer and teacher in Edinburgh, to send for him; and he sang at his brother's concerts from the age of twelve up to sixteen. At twenty years of age he was appointed precentor, or leader of the choir, at Dr. Brown's Church in Edinburgh. He then commenced as teacher of singing, and was constantly employed by the best families, but his ambition would not rest there, and, on obtaining three months' leave of absence from the church, he started for London, where he placed himself under approved masters. Mr. Blewitt instructed him in thorough bass; Welsh, De Pinna, and Tom Cook in singing. After much persuasion, he determined to forego his prospects in Scotland and to take to the stage. With this object he commenced a theatrical career at Worthing, Sussex, by performing there for three weeks gratis.

His fame travelled to Brighton, where he received an engagement and made a decided hit. The musical critique of the *Brighton Herald* of September, 1828, anticipated then that he would become a great singer. This is given later on in the "Anecdotes of Templeton."

Templeton afterwards was engaged as first singer in the Southampton and Portsmouth Company where he was a great favourite; there he remained until Captain Polhill became lessee of Drury Lane, when he accepted an engagement at that Theatre. His first appearance there was in the character of young Meadows, in "Love in a Village," and Mrs. Wood warmly congratulated him on his success. Braham, Wood, and Wilson were at that period engaged at Drury Lane; to whom was then added Templeton, who obtained a good share of public esteem. A rapid advance in that esteem was arrived at under the following circumstances:—

Signor Begrez, a distinguished tenor, who had had the score of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* for eight weeks, threw up the part within a week of the date when it was announced to be produced at Covent Garden, and Alfred Bunn, the manager, was at his wits end. Captain Polhill, the lessee, said give it to John Templeton, and, overruling Bunn's "Impossible," sent for him. Templeton was at that instant engaged at a rehearsal, and on this being propounded to him was aghast, for a volume of manuscript music, equal to a large quarto volume, had to be learned, both music and words, and delivered dramatically within those few days. Eventually, Captain Polhill succeeded in inducing Templeton to undertake it upon the condition that he should be released from any performance before the night of the new opera. Templeton then studied the part literally day and night, and during eight hours of each day had a pianist to play to him. When the night came for the opera to be performed Templeton's success was most unequivocal, and Braham highly complimented him on his superior execution of the celebrated aria "Il mio tesoro," saying, "Templeton if you have an eye to your pocket, add an *i* and Italianize your name; be called Templeton*i* and you will rival Rubini, high as he ranks." This feat of acquiring an operatic part, so important as that of Don

Ottavio, and representing the character in public, and that most successfully, with only five days for preparation, is probably quite unrivalled in operatic history.

This was a time when several rival tenor singers were performing at Drury Lane, and the musical director of this season was Tom Cook, as celebrated for his wit as for his musical genius. By way of distinction he named Templeton "The tenor with the additional keys," on account of his great compass of voice. A description of that voice when at its highest perfection is found on a later page.

Templeton's next original character was that of the Colonel in "Gustavus the Third." The opera was produced on the 16th November, 1833, and during that season was repeated one hundred times, in those days a very rare occurrence. The Town became literally "I love her" mad. Auber expressed much surprise that the song known as "I love her, how I love her" was such a general favourite, as the original French tenor made nothing of it; but it is equally a fact that many popular English singers did not produce any effect in that song.

It was in the May of this year (1833), that the renowned and unrivalled Madame Malibran was announced to appear in London in her favourite character, Amina, in "La Somnambula." The selection of the *tenor* to accompany her depended on her will; we have already seen that there were several talented tenors in the Company and eminent in public standing, but having heard Templeton she chose him to be *her* tenor. She wrote to him to call upon her. At the interviews which resulted from this decision, the highly gifted queen of song would often rally Templeton upon his want of confidence in his own powers, and recommended him to visit Italy, predicting that great success would be his after a course of foreign training. "The English will then give you full credit for the talent you possess, and reward will follow."

That season, however, found Templeton quite enough to do at home. Alfred Bunn had then the management of both Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, and although Templeton's engagement with Bunn required him to give his services at either Theatre, this did not carry with it that he should perform at more than one of them on any given night. Yet arrangements were so made that Templeton had to sing in opera at both Theatres on the same night! It was only his second season on the London boards, and being quite a young man then, he appears to have yielded, rather from timidity or inexperience, to this arrangement, which must have been a great exertion to him.

The course pursued was to leave, as rapidly as possible, the Covent Garden Theatre, wrapped up in a roquelaire, and to rush to the other house. Even so wrapped up some of the face could be seen by those hanging about, who, not knowing the purpose of the strange appearance, would exclaim, "Look at that man who has *painted his face*." On one occasion a delay occurred in his arrival, and John Cooper, stage manager of Drury Lane Theatre, addressed the very impatient audience with the announcement that Mr. Templeton was at that instant completing his performance at Covent Garden Theatre with Madame Malibran, and if the audience would kindly permit the orchestra to repeat the overture, no doubt shortly Mr. Templeton would be in attendance. When Templeton arrived, he was bathed in perspiration, and Cooper attempted to convey in his person the impatience he himself had suffered from in the house, but this was more than Templeton could endure quietly. "Do you see the exhausted state I am in? I must have time!" Urged again, his reply was, "My whiskers won't stick, and until *they* are on *I* cannot go on!" His character of Masaniello required him to have moustaches and whiskers, and, as soon as he was prepared for the stage, he promptly appeared. Alas! in the

midst of his pathetic song "My sister dear," the unstable moustache worked into his mouth and interrupted his singing; when, with an impetuosity in keeping with the character of Masaniello, he tore from his lips the hairy covering and flung it before him. Like an octopus, the hirsute offering clung to the strings of the violin of Tom Cook, leader of the orchestra, and the dramatic effort was so magnificent that the house rose *en masse* and cheered. The *Times* critic next day said that Templeton had come out at last as an *actor!* It is certainly true that Templeton had never so acted before as to stop the action of the orchestral leader by his own superlative action.

The success of "La Somnambula" in London, in which the original Amina and Elvino were Malibran and Templeton, can only be appreciated by consulting the Metropolitan Journals of that date, but it may be enough to say that Bellini, who witnessed on the first night the triumph which his favourite work then achieved on an English stage, was quite carried away with his excitement. The eminent composer came round to the stage, after the performance, and, embracing Templeton, paid him the most flattering compliment, and with tears of exultation promised he would write for him a part that would "immortalize him." *

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* Even at the present day, there are some who retain very vivid impressions of those performances, for the *Bristol Mercury* of November 7th, 1879, in reviewing the reproduction there of "La Somnambula" by the Carl Rosa Company, said, "It would be difficult to name a lyric drama which has been more widely heard, or which has longer sustained a hold upon the public favour. Our own acquaintance with it dates back as far as the days of Malibran and John Templeton, when the opera almost turned the heads of the musical world. It has since been our good fortune to witness the performance of other *artistes* in combination with that splendid tenor, amongst whom we recall the names of Emma Romer, Miss Shirreff, and Miss Rainforth—with some others.

Malibran's method of inspiring Templeton with a knowledge of dramatic effects was ingenious, if unpleasant; when she wished him to depict rage, if she could not otherwise obtain her object, she would give him a hearty pinch on the arm, while to the audience she simply appeared to be bestowing caresses, which her jealous lover *so naturally* repulsed. On one occasion, not appreciating her hidden motive, he stamped with rage, from actual pain; this stamp produced a most electric effect upon the audience, and upon the hint, so painfully acquired, he ever after acted. "La Somnambula" was followed by "Fidelio," and then came Balfe's "Maid of Artois." In the desert scene of that opera, Malibran had to assume the appearance of being parched with thirst. But *Isoline* was really parched,—and at that crisis the draught stout, to which she must have recourse to sustain her, was to be supplied through some opening in the stage. There it was, but alas! she could only look at the frothing beverage! so tantalizing to one in her state of fatigue and exhaustion. In her anguish, she appealed to *Tempe* (as she always called him), to look and long with her. This *contretemps* led him to suggest that a hillock of sand should be represented, upon which he might rest in his wounded condition. While she seemed to the audience to be leaning over him with tender caresses, from a trap door behind the hillock was handed the refreshing draught which enabled her to finish a long and trying scene with triumphant *éclat.*

At the end of the first season of Templeton's performances with Malibran, Mr. Bunn presented him with a beautiful brilliant ring, bearing a complimentary inscription. Malibran used a *jewelled* ring (the foreign custom), in the betrothed to Elvino in "La Somnambula." At the end of what proved to be her last season, she presented that ring to Templeton as a memento of respect for his talents.

On the termination of that season (1836), Malibran arranged with Templeton for a professional tour through

Ireland, Scotland, and the provinces, and he was in September in Dublin, waiting her arrival there. He was in daily correspondence with her husband and anxiously expecting her, when the announcement of her sudden and untimely end caused an almost national shock, and all the arrangements which had been made were upset. The following year, however, Templeton returned to Dublin, in company with Miss Shirreff, and made a most successful tour. For two or three seasons our tenor laid up a store of health and wealth by successful engagements in the provinces, establishing himself as a great favorite everywhere. In 1839, he again engaged with Mr. Bunn to perform the leading character in Auber's *Lac des Fées;* but, shortly after arriving in London, Mr. Bunn was declared bankrupt. So, returning to the provinces with Miss Romer and Balfe, very successful tours resulted from their united efforts.

In 1842, Templeton paid a visit to Paris, where, to his surprise, he found his professional fame well established and even more respected amongst foreigners than on British soil. Auber gave a splendid dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Templeton and a select few, when Templeton sang from some of Auber's operas, from recollection, being accompanied by the eminent composer Balfe, who was one of the musical celebrities present. In the course of the evening he asked Templeton to sing for Auber "I love her, how I love her." It was not a song in the original score of the opera of "Gustavus III.," but, being a striking melody, Planché, when adapting the opera for the English stage, wrote words for it, and Tom Cook arranged the accompaniments for the melody. Great was the surprise of *Auber*, who was lavish in his compliments on hearing produced by the voice what he wrote for the orchestra.

It was on the 18th December, 1843, that Mr. Templeton commenced as a lecturer, and, in September of the year 1844, we have a trace of him in Edinburgh giving his musical entertainment there. The following is an

account of him by a musical critic at that time, when we must consider he was at the zenith of his powers :

TEMPLETON'S VOICE.

"This distinguished artist is acknowledged by all the musical world, and professional men in particular, to hold the enviable position of being the greatest British vocalist of the present time. As regards voice, Templeton is the only native singer who possesses an organ capable of executing the most subtle passages of the Italian school of vocalisation, now considered the perfection of the art. Even among the greatest vocalists of the sunny regions of the south, it is rare to find such a voice, possessing as it does all the desirable requisites of power, great compass, flexibility, richness of quality, and withal that complete command over its different registers, which is so essential in giving expression to the varied passions of the heart, through the art of vocal declamation. It is not, however, to these combinations alone we are to look for the greatness of the singer; but in the rare gift of innate genius which directs and controls these other qualities that we find the perfection of the art. Here it is that Templeton stands unrivalled by any native singer of the present period, or, indeed, of the past, if we except one who is now declining in the vale of years, and consequently deficient in that vigour and that sustaining power which are only to be found in the flower of manhood.

"Templeton's chest voice has a range of two octaves, and, though not remarkable for fulness of tone in the lower notes, is highly so in the middle and upper ones, being capable of sustaining the A and B flat in *alt* with much ease and power. His *mezzo voce*, a rare combination of the falsetto and chest voice, also gives him great advantages in those tender and subdued passages which cannot be effectively sung with the upper notes of the chest voice, or the lower notes of the falsetto. This is strikingly exemplified

in his execution of the celebrated scenas, 'I love her, how I love her,' and the opening movement of 'All is lost now.'

"The *effect* of this is always felt by his auditors, although the *cause* is not often understood by them. It would be superfluous to dilate on the pure and liquid quality of his falsetto, as that is the subject of universal admiration. It appears unlimited in compass, and even in the very highest notes possesses a power and roundness of tone rarely to be met with in any vocalist. There is but one thing which is not perfect in his intonation,—an occasional flatness in the chest notes, after a passage with the falsetto has been long sustained; but, when the powerful action of the respiratory organ is considered, it is remarkable it is not so in a much greater degree, and, from its slightness and unfrequency, it can scarcely be called a fault.

TEMPLETON'S STYLE.

"The style in which he sings the grand scenas already named proves him capable of executing all that is required in the most elevated branches of the art, whilst his style of singing Scotch ballads lends additional charm to them. Some of the Scotch ballads do not admit of ornament, and Templeton does not attempt it in such as 'My Nannie, O,' 'Had I a cave,' 'My Tocher's the jewel,' 'Gloomy winter,' &c. These he sings with exquisite taste and feeling, giving to each line and sentiment their characteristic expression, and presenting to the senses, through the medium of the ear, all the lights and shadows which the pencil of the artist exhibits to the eye by the embodiment of his genius on the canvas. Many, ignorant of the subject, contend that Scotch melody is not susceptible of improvement, but there is sufficient proof to refute this in the Skene manuscripts lately published, which contain sets of some of the most popular songs of the present time, with a notation so different and inferior in beauty as

scarcely to be recognised as the same melody. Why should not the singer bring his genius and scientific acquirements to bear on this description of composition as well as on that of any other? I can easily conceive Templeton to have been early imbued with the spirit of Scottish song and Scottish melody, and this native of the land of Burns is eminently capable of conveying to his audience, by his splendid voice and graceful style of execution, all their varied charms of thrilling tenderness, keen satire, and heroic grandeur. The musical public of Scotland are indebted to Templeton for introducing to them, through his popular entertainments, a class of compositions apart from the comparatively simple ballad style, which should do much to improve the taste and give an impetus to the study of the scientific and classical productions of the modern school."

LIST OF OPERAS

In which Templeton appeared in London:—"La Sonnambula," "Masaniello," "Robert Le Diable," "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," "La Favorita," "Magic Flute," "Gypsy's Warning," "Der Freischutz," "Cinderella," "Barber of Seville," "Marriage of Figaro," "Puritani," "Anna Boleyna," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Lestocq," "Siege of Corinth," "Diadeste," "Siege of Rochelle," "Maid of Artois," "Joan of Arc," "Gustavus III.," "Maid of Cashmere," "Red Mask," "Students of Jenna," "Mountain Sylph," "Love in a Village," "Rob Roy," "Guy Mannering," "The Slave," "Exile of Siberia," "Devil's Bridge," "Blue Beard," "Beggar's Opera," and in the musical after-pieces of "Rosina," "No Song, No Supper," "The Padlock," "The Quaker," "Turnpike Gate," "The Waterman," "Bronze Horse," "Fra Diavolo," "The Lord of the Manor," &c., &c.

ANECDOTES OF TEMPLETON.

Templeton's noviate as first singer of the Portsmouth and Southampton Company was rendered more difficult, owing to a custom which was then very general amongst managers,—but, happily, is now falling into disuse,—that of requiring actors to undertake parts at a most insufficient notice. This gave the actor little or no chance of making a study of the character assigned to him, and in the case of opera singers such a course was simply intolerable. On one occasion, Templeton was required, at a few hours' notice, to undertake the musical part of the High Priest in the tragedy of "Pizarro." The young tenor expostulated with the manager, but at length compromised the matter by requiring that the music should be placed on the altar before him. This was done, and he sang the passage commencing "Oh Power supreme," down to the line "Consume with thine own hallowed fire." As these words were uttered, the "sacred fire," consisting of tow saturated with spirits of wine, descended upon the altar, and, by ill-luck, lighted on the music, which was speedily consumed to ashes. Of the stanza to follow, commencing "Give praise, give praise," Templeton had not the ghost of an idea; and as he could not then sing "words that burn" there was nothing left

him but to do a little reverential pantomime, prostrate himself before the altar, and make a hasty retreat.

The following anecdote conveys an idea of what troubles a great tenor might encounter in those days, even on so important an occasion as his benefit :

During one of Mr. Templeton's operatic visits to the Theatre Royal, Bristol, his benefit was fixed at the close of the second week of the engagement, and, having allowed the soprano and the baritone artists to make their appeals in advance of him, it was thought advisable that he should put up some opera which had not been recently done at that house, and he announced Auber's "Masaniello." On the day preceding the proposed performance, the leader of the orchestra presented himself in a state of evident alarm and informed Mr. Templeton that he had diligently searched the library of the Theatre, and could find no books of the parts. A personal friend of the great tenor, who happened also to be a friend of the manageress, volunteered to post to Bath, where it was known the opera had been recently given, and borrow the score of the manager. The loan was courteously granted, the friend returned with the books, and the rehearsal was called for the morning of the performance. When, however, it came to be proceeded with, it was found that there was nobody amongst the subordinate members of the company who had any idea of the music. Templeton, in an agony of alarm, rushed to the manageress, exclaiming, "Madame, what is to be done? They say they do not know a note of the music." "Do not believe them," replied the lady, rubbing her side vigorously, as was her habit, "They could get up at any hour of the night and sing it." As the rehearsal proceeded, it became obvious that the intended choristers were all abroad, and Templeton once more appeared before the manageress, exclaiming, "Madame, they know no more about it than blocks." Her ready answer came, "Perhaps not now, but they will sing it

beautifully when the gas is lit." It happened that in the company there was an actor who was a very fair musician, and in the dilemma it was agreed that the others should "vamp" the choruses to his leadership, and that they should hang about him during the opera and take generally from him their "cue" for the action. In order to encourage him in the added duty, a crown piece was given to the intended leader, who, unfortunately, happening to be a "wet one," expended the greater part of his five shillings in libations of whiskey-punch. The piece went tolerably well until the last act, when, finding that the potations of which he had so freely partaken, endangered his equilibrium, the singer in question gave the widest possible berth to the foot-lights and tried hard to pass to the back of the stage. The chorus as agreed stuck with him, and Templeton, finding that he was left after drinking the poison to flounder alone about a large stage with nobody around him, whilst singing the well-known snatches of song, turned to the choristers, substituting for the proper words, "Come down, come down in front here." The actor who had been engaged to lead, instead of complying, replied to the notation of the chorus, "I'll see thee blow'd first." The opera had, as may be supposed, a most imperfect finish. There was, of course, some little dissatisfaction; but the great tenor appearing before the foot-lights, addressed the audience, good naturedly ascribing all defects to the unlooked-for abstraction from the library of the books of the music, and volunteered to sing by way of compensation his famous scene from "Gustavus III.," "I love her, how I love her." Need it be added that this announcement was received with deafening plaudits, and that Templeton found it next to impossible to resist a second encore.

Even when relying entirely on himself, the tenor had trouble of another kind, as may be learnt from what

happened when he appeared again at Bristol to give his musical entertainment:

When Mr. Templeton, after quitting the stage, first appeared at Bristol with his admirable illustrative monologue entertainment, entitled "A night with Burns," a notion had been industriously spread abroad that he was not a Scotchman. The entertainment was given at the Assembly Rooms, and, counselled by a well-known citizen, a few children of the "land of the mountain and the flood" attended in order to assure themselves on the point. Mr. Templeton appeared, and had got no further than "The Lyrics of Bur-runs" (marking the word with his strongest Scotch accent), when an excited son of Caledonia started from his seat and shouting to a neighbour, in tones loud enough to be heard by those around him, exclaimed, "Not a Scotchman? Heigh now! Who that was not a born Scotchman ever had a roll of the tongue like that?"

Under the head of Brighton Theatricals, the *Brighton Herald*, of September, 1828, says:

Thursday introduced to us two new singers in the favourite opera of "Love in a Village." The lady, a Miss Balls, played *Rosetta* with considerable life and spirit, but her vocal talents do not, at present, exceed mediocrity. Of the gentleman we are enabled to speak in higher terms. The paucity of the tenor singers in this country is rather remarkable. We have an abundance of material, as well as rising talent, amongst the women, but there are not more than two first-rate tenor vocalists in London [*Braham and Sinclair*], and these have maintained their superiority for some years. All that have appeared as competitors to them have "come like shadows and so departed," keeping their ground only for a season or two. We, therefore, hail with pleasure the successful appearance of Mr. Templeton this evening, in the character of *Hawthorn*, and whose pretensions

are of a high order. He has a voice of fine volume and extensive compass, to which is united considerable execution, with a smooth and flowing style, a qualification in which many singers are miserably deficient. His deportment was unaffected, natural, and unassuming; and he gave his songs with so much effect as repeatedly to draw down rapturous and deserved encores. We do not hesitate to pronounce that his success will be certain and great, as we think him the only person we have ever heard who will, after a little more experience, have a chance of rivalling the great singers we have just mentioned.

These remarks do credit to the judgment of the critic, for during the three seasons Mme. Malibran, the unrivalled mezzo-soprano of recent times, appeared in operas in London, in the years 1833, 1834, and 1836, she chose Mr. Templeton as her tenor.

Further particulars of Mr. Templeton appeared in the *Kilmarnock Standard* of the 16th February, 1878, in a paper by "Senex," upon Thomas Campbell:

The writings of Campbell, like those of the poet Gray, are not numerous, but of rare excellence, full of just and noble sentiment, expressed in language accurate and beautiful. His Greek scholarship aided to form and purify his tastes, and imparted elegance to his composition. He was only twenty years of age when he published his "Pleasures of Hope," a poem which is widely known; and Campbell's own words in reference to Burns are equally apposite when applied to himself, for many of his lines too are "mottoes of the heart," and his truths electrify the sage. Glasgow is the birthplace of Campbell, and for three years in succession—1826, 1827, and 1828—he was honoured by being elected Lord Rector of the University, at which he had been educated. To no one could the citizens of Glasgow more appropriately erect a monument

than to their own citizen poet. And willingly would admirers of the poet throughout all English-speaking lands assist in doing honour to the author of "The Soldier's Dream," the "Exile of Erin," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and the "Battle of the Baltic." The author of these has a place in the heart of all who cherish literature. But I have no intention, in this short article, of writing an essay on Campbell, my purpose being simply to narrate certain incidents of a festive meeting in the year 1835, at John o'Groat's Hotel, in the City of London. There, in the January of that year, had congregated some men well known in the world of letters and music. In this company there was the author of the poem entitled "The Pleasures of Memory," Samuel Rogers, then well advanced in years and so pale as to have been quizzed by Theodore Hooke as to when he was going to set up his hearse; there was the jolly Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg; besides Thomas Campbell, and various other literary celebrities, there was among these literati the eminent tenor vocalist, John Templeton, the pupil of Malibran. It is remarkable that this Riccarton family, the Templetons, have all been eminent vocalists. After dinner, the Ettrick Shepherd was asked to sing one of his numerous songs, and, readily complying, he sung his well-known "When the Kye come hame." Afterwards, Campbell requested Templeton to sing a song of Burns, and he suggested the "Song of Death." Templeton, expressing some doubt as to his recollection of the words, Campbell sent for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the song. The version of the song written by Campbell at that festive party, in 1835, is now before me. The song is written in a bold, firm hand, but in a word or two differs from Burns. After Templeton had sung this song, Campbell said, "I think this is the best song Burns ever wrote, and I have the satisfaction to have heard the greatest interpretation of it by the most accomplished vocalist of the day." At the foot of

the song, which is written on what is commercially known as a sheet of good laid hand-made large post quarto paper, Campbell added the words : "To John Templeton, Esquire, in memory of his singing this song." For this autograph of the poet, Thomas Campbell, Templeton has been offered large sums, which he refused, and, according to promise made to John Smith, bookseller, Kilmarnock, he has put him in possession of it.* Campbell, who was in 1835 in his 58th year, died in 1844 ; Rogers and the Ettrick Shepherd have, in the words of Wordsworth, passed from the sunny to the sunless land ; and the only survivor of the party which met in 1835, in John o'Groat's Hotel, is John Templeton, the eminent vocalist, who is now in his 76th year. He still, after an active professional career, enjoys good health, and may have many years of life yet in leisure well earned.

The *Brighton Guardian*, of 13th March, 1878, in which the preceding notice appeared—under the title of "The Templeton Papers"—continued :

The subject of the foregoing notice, John Templeton (whose introduction to Brighton dates 50 years ago), has for years past been a constant visitor to this favourite watering place. The majestic presence and gracious manners of this true gentleman of the olden school always attract attention. Specially is he to be noted when our musical festivals bring together the best talent of the land. At Mr. Kuhe's recent festival he was to be seen on three or four occasions ; and, marvel of marvels, he can not only see well, but hears well, and his voice may still be heard at times in private society, displaying a force very exceptional

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* The *Kilmarnock Standard*, of 2nd August, 1879, states that Mr. Templeton, who had recently visited his relatives at Riccarton, then suggested to the heirs of the late Mr. John Smith to present the interesting manuscript to the Burns Monument Museum, and they had acted upon the advice.

indeed in one of his advanced age. He will tell you his earnest belief in the immense value singing and the exercise of the vocal organs are to the lungs in the prolongation of robust health. Mr. Templeton, after the days of Mme. Malibran, "starred" the principal towns of America with his "Templeton Entertainment," in which he gave songs illustrative of England, Scotland, and Ireland. One English song was especially the rage, "Tallyho," exhibiting the English sportsman in the hunting field; and he made many glad by his exquisite renderings of the songs of Burns, the Scotch poet. Mr. Templeton was a native of Riccarton, adjoining Kilmarnock; and we understand that the paper written by the poet Campbell is to be framed and placed in the chamber designed to accompany the memorial statue to Burns in that town.

The public appreciation of Mr. Templeton was very great, and, at the age of 50, being possessed of a handsome competence, earned by his talent and preserved by his prudence, he retired from the profession he adorned, amid the regrets of his many admirers. His successor was Sims Reeves, still the pre-eminent tenor; but with Templeton ended the ballad singing of that age, when night after night his "Sally in our Alley" occupied half-an-hour to get through the song, and the *three encores* regularly insisted on.

TEMPLETON ON THE STAGE.

The *Brighton Guardian*, returning at a later date to the subject of Templeton, said :

We have spoken before of Mr. Templeton. The subject is one which must have interest for students of musical art. The career of a great tenor can only be seen in the records of the criticisms and descriptions of his performances. The accounts of the impressions he produced present at once his history and his triumph. The author's works can be read, the painter's works can be seen, the architect's works remain with us ; but the genius of the great actor or the great singer are but an echo in the memory of his contemporaries. His fame expires with the generation which accorded it, unless the Press perpetuates it. The new tone which falls like an angel note on the enchanted ears of those who hear it, can never be conveyed to succeeding times. It lives as a cherished memory in the minds of fortunate contemporaries, but it dies with the generations which listened to it. The triumph of the singer is over a sense which cannot transmit its pleasure. The intellect can transmit its measureless satisfaction to another age, but with the hearing perishes *its* treasures of delight. It is, therefore, that we turn to the

records of "two worlds" of the enchanted tours of Mr. Templeton, as the reader thereby catches, as it were, the re-echoing of his wonderful voice some thirty years ago. Unlike any other great singer whom we remember, Mr. Templeton sang all night, and sang by himself. He was an entertainment in his own person. John Parry is the only musical artist who may be said to have done so, but he generally was accompanied by others, and Sims Reeves, for instance, who is regarded as the "successor of Templeton," always appears as one amid other performers and singers, but Templeton on his tours was the concert himself, which implies not only very varied, but singularly sustained powers in the great singer.

EXTRACTS FROM CRITICAL NOTICES.

New York Courier.

Perhaps no singer ever had such striking advantages as those which have combined to give Templeton his enviable pre-eminence. The flattering choice made by the lamented and gifted Malibran, of this gentleman to sustain the principal characters in the various operas which enchanted the public during her brief and brilliant career, and the universal admiration which attended the joint efforts of these vocalists, are the best certificates of Templeton's scientific acquirements as a singer.

New York Tribune.

Well, we have heard Templeton; and we hasten to add, like all the rest of the world, "the *great* Templeton." In true taste, freedom of expression, purity and range of voice, and smoothness of execution, Mr. Templeton is incomparably the best singer ever heard in this country. He is, in short, the perfection of his school, and shows the very utmost of which English words, and the beautiful and

time glorified music of the Three Kingdoms, are capable. His performance leaves nothing to desire. It fills both brain and heart. By turns brilliant, plaintive, majestic, and joyous, an exquisite pathos strikes you in the first note he utters, which never for a moment deserts him, but colours every word with its peculiar charm. We confess, that so far as mere musical criticism is concerned, we are totally unqualified for saying a word. We quite forgot to note at what point the singer abandoned himself to his falsetto (his *is* a falsetto !) how high or how low he sang. All we know of his voice is that it is a magnificent organ, reaching in its compass every variety of feeling and emotion, and that every stop is as completely under its owner's control as Ole Bull's finger board.

NEW YORK MIRROR.

TEMPLETON'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The Opera House of Signor Palmo was literally jammed to witness the performance of that prince of tenors, Templeton, on Wednesday night last. Suffice it to say now, the most unbounded enthusiasm prevailed, and he was met on this, his first appearance, in a manner to satisfy the anticipations and wishes of the most sanguine of his friends. Mr. Templeton commenced by some interesting remarks explanatory of the entertainment of the evening, which he had felicitously designated, "The Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle," including, as it did, some of the most admired national melodies of England, Ireland, and Scotland. He then adverted to the poets and musicians of the time of Charles II., and, after relating some original musical anecdotes, electrified the audience by his execution of that glorious old song, "Sally in our Alley." If we were to describe, even with the strictest fidelity, the enthusiastic manner in which this song was received, we might be suspected of exaggeration by those who were not present. Shouts of "Bravo!" "Bravo!" resounded all over the house. A

more delighted audience we never saw. Then, after appropriate remarks, delivered with great *naïvete* and effect, came the exquisite air, "Tell her I love her." It was received with rapturous applause. The first part of the entertainment closed with the soul-stirring hunting song of "Old Towler." Never have we known any musical entertainment so successful as that which we have thus attempted to describe. Every one appeared to be taken by surprise; but it was the surprise arising from the fulfilment, beyond all expectation, of the high anticipations excited by the fame of Templeton. The anecdotes and illustrations—with many other lecturers dry and uninteresting—were by no means the least attractive portion of the entertainment. Templeton's style of elocution is energetic, unaffected, and spirited; besides, the remarks and anecdotes are quite original. From beginning to end, the attention of the audience never flagged for an instant. With regard to the manner in which Mr. Templeton sang, we can speak only in terms of the most unqualified praise. His chest voice has a range of two octaves, and in the middle and upper notes is capable of sustaining the A and B flat in *alt*, with an ease and power altogether unequalled. His *mezzo voce*, a rare combination of the falsetto and chest voice, also gives him great advantages in those subdued and tender passages which cannot be effectually sung with the upper notes of the chest voice, or the lower ones of the falsetto. This was strikingly exemplified in his execution of the celebrated scena, "I love her, how I love her!" In his ballad style Templeton is so peculiarly effective, because by his chaste and inornate style he appeals directly to the feelings—the hearts and sympathies of his auditors. It is true that in those songs and ballads which are justly susceptible of ornament, he introduces it with characteristic taste and judgment, adding essentially to the effect of the composition. But perhaps one of the best compliments ever paid to the style of this eminent artist, was that pronounced last night,

by one of the most distinguished *litterateurs* of this city, after he had heard the song, "The Minstrel Boy." "Ah!" he exclaimed, "that gives me the true electric shock—I feel it thrilling throughout every nerve."

NEW YORK ALBION.

As regards the pecuniary results of the concerts in New York, we understand that Templeton's expenses were not a hundred dollars per night, and that his receipts averaged 800 dollars for each entertainment. He sang three times a week, and thus cleared at the rate of eight or ten thousand dollars per month. So much for great gifts of nature and art in amassing fortunes for favoured individuals.

NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

See—how crowded the house is below—even the orchestra is filled, and with ladies too—the *elite* of the city. Hush—here's—here's Templeton! Dear Pic, when I go to hear music, I cut myself off from my neighbours and shrink into myself. My eye, being satisfied with a fair scrutiny, loses its sense for the time and I only *hear*. If my ear be pleased, it feeds on melody uninterrupted by any other sense; if offended, it shuts its portals and I become only a spectator. When Templeton came on the stage, I saw for a few minutes a well-built, good-looking man, in the prime of life,—tall, and of a florid complexion—a very light eye and a good wig—a brown dress-coat, figured velvet vest, and black pants—white kids and patent leathers. He bowed unlike an actor, but like a gentleman. He was quite self-possessed, and looked as if he tho't he should please his audience. He opened his MSS. note book, and then glanced steadily around the house, as if he would say, "Now, if *you* are ready, *I* am, and we'll begin." The audience understood the look, settled themselves comfort-

ably into their seats, and listened. The introductory remarks of his entertainment are well written, and he delivered them as a gentleman and a scholar would do. He nods to Austin Phillips, who is at the piano, and, after a brief and simple prelude, he pauses a moment, and commences his first song—the old, the neglected, the almost forgotten, but not the less beautiful, ballad, "Sally in our Alley." The audience listen intently. No man would dare to sneeze in such a silence as reigned during the first verse, and fifty men might sneeze unheard in the enthusiastic burst of applause that followed the last note of that verse. While he sings they listen entranced; when he ceases they shake the building with applause, and "*Encore! Encore!*" resounds, until even echo, awakened by the shout, cries out—"*Encore!*"

NEW YORK HERALD.

TEMPLETON'S FAREWELL.—Last night the rush to Palmo's was tremendous and long. Long before the lion vocalist made his appearance, the house, from floor to ceiling, presented one bright mass of eager countenances. The bill of fare for the evening was, perhaps, the most *recherche* yet offered by the great artist, and the enthusiasm evinced was not inferior to the character of the occasion. The evening commenced with Tannahill's exquisite song, "Gloomy Winter"—and nothing could have exhibited to greater advantage the superhuman compass of Templeton's voice—an organ which can only be characterised by the expressive German term, *Zauberstimme.* "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," was thrilling and sweet as the echoes of the lofty Benlomond itself, and drew forth a rapturous encore. After this enchanting melody, the minstrel struck a merrier chord, and convulsed us with the grotesque and truly Scottish ballad, "Auld Gudeman;" after which the gravity of the audience was restored by "The Rose will cease to blow;" soon again, however, to be scattered to the

four winds by our admirable friend, the "Jolly Beggar." By the way, we are not a little afraid that the contagious jollity of this "beggar" will soon fill New York with beggars equally jolly, and lead to a startling item in the statistics of pauperism. Passing reluctantly the superb "All is Lost" and "I love her," of which it is sufficient to say that they were sung as only Templeton can sing them, and musical declamation enraptured the audience, not less so did his powerful recitation of the glorious lines:—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead?

We hasten to that stupendous performance, which crowned the evening, "The Bay of Biscay." Here Templeton's voice was more than itself, and drew down applause as loud as any storm that ever thundered in the "Bay of Biscay itself." * * * * His extensive popularity obliged him to take the Tabernacle to enable him to accommodate the crowds who had been nightly disappointed at Palmo's. The immense building was filled to overflowing last evening. We never before saw so large an audience attracted by the powers of a single performer. Mr. Templeton was obviously pleased with this acknowledgment of his merits, and sang with unusual spirit. The audience appreciated his efforts, and rewarded them with enthusiastic, but discriminating, applause. More than *three thousand people* listened to the music with delight; and many, who could not be provided with seats, were content to stand throughout the performance.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Templeton, the greatest tenor singer of modern days, has created more excitement than any single artist ever did in the country, Ole Bull not excepted. His houses in New York have been densely crowded, while as many more were obliged to be turned away for want of room. Expectation is on tiptoe to hear this great musical magician.

BIRMINGHAM ADVERTISER.

MR. TEMPLETON.—The favourite tenor of the divine Malibran, whose triumphs of vocal genius it is something to have shared, gave one of his successful musical entertainments at the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, to an audience of nearly *four thousand persons.* It was literally a night of *encores;* and Mr. Templeton, who was in capital voice, sustained the interest of his lecture unabated to the end. He gave some of his songs, more particularly "The Death of Nelson," "The Bay of Biscay," "Old Towler," and "I love her, how I love her," with the happiest effect. He was admirably accompanied in his various pieces by the veteran Blewitt.

BRISTOL MERCURY.

Mr. Templeton, the eminent vocalist, gave one of his popular musical entertainments on Monday evening last, at the Assembly Rooms, Prince's street. Flattered, indeed, must the artist have felt at the crowded overflowing audience he attracted, and the enthusiastic reception which his appearance in the orchestra subsequently elicited. We know of no musical performance—the appearance of Jenny Lind alone excepted—which has of late years created such a *furore.* The street in front of the rooms was crowded for nearly an hour before the time for the opening named in the programmes, and at length the pressure upon the doors became so great that it was deemed prudent to open them, in order to avoid such an accident as must have inevitably followed their suddenly giving way. The rush was soon found too impetuous to be resisted by the ordinary operations of money and check takers, and it became necessary to admit only about a dozen into the lobby at a time, by which precaution something like order was restored, and the room was speedily crowded in every part;—even the orchestra set apart for the performer. The building being wholly inadequate to the numbers which presented themselves for

admission, many hundreds were turned away, and among them we regret to say were our respected chief magistrate and party, and many families of distinction in this city and the neighbouring counties. The entertainment selected, *The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle*, was, as its name would indicate, illustrative of the music of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

DUBLIN TIMES.

MUSIC HALL.—The largest and most respectable audience we ever saw assembled within the walls of any concert-room in Dublin, attended last night to testify their admiration of the splendid vocal powers of Mr. Templeton. There was not a vacant spot to be found in any part of that immense building at an early hour; and well might he say, when returning thanks for the patronage bestowed upon him, that he would ever retain in his memory a grateful recollection of that evening. It was an evening he may justly feel proud of; for it was no common-place tribute of approbation—to get such an assemblage of such a class of persons of Dublin to attend an evening's entertainment supported by himself alone.

SCOTCHMAN.

Templeton's tour in the United States has been a series of triumphs of the most marked and gratifying character. By the magic of his wonderful organ, he enchanted the people of the New World as he had previously secured the golden opinions of all kinds and conditions of the old. We are glad to see that his transatlantic trip has in no manner abated his natural energy and fire; he has given a series of his *recherche* entertainments here during the past week with great success. His opening address was full of panegyric upon America and the Americans, enlarging upon the urbanity and general hospitality he had every-

where experienced during his sojourn among them, and he introduced, in the course of the evening, some excellent transatlantic incidents and traits of character, which told admirably. His masterly execution of "The star-spangled banner" thrilled every auditor, and its repetition was loudly demanded. His highly finished style was finely developed in the celebrated cavatina, "Vivi tu," from Donizetti's opera of "Anna Bolena;" and the versatility of his genius showed itself in passing from the severe schools of Germany and Italy into the humourous and pathetic Scotch and Irish ballads, keeping his audiences alternately astonished and delighted.

NEW YORK EMPORIUM.

LINES ADDRESSED TO

JOHN TEMPLETON, ESQ.,

ON HEARING HIS POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

Oh thou, whose wizard breath can raise
The spirit of departed days,
The legendary lays restore
That cheer'd our hoary sires of yore,
And wake, upon the passing stage,
The echoes of a former age!
Whose notes so oft, in England's vales,
Have mingled with the nightingales;
In sunny France were wont to thrill,
Where vines hang purple on the hill;
And kindled, on *Columbia's* shore,
A flame unknown, unfelt before;—
No more we mourn the vanish'd day,
The ardent age of chivalry;
When minstrel-sleight, with tale and song,
Would oft the festive hour prolong.
Whether we sadly trace, with thee,
"*Mary's*" melodious memory,

Or waken to the jocund strain
That shook with laughter James's reign
In thee, with happier wit, combined,
Historian—Minstrel—all we find.
Rous'd by thy note, the soul of Burns,
To fire our mortal clay returns;
His spirit kindles in the song,
And finds in thee a sweeter tongue.
What trumpet tones thy might can yield
To swell the "Song of Bannock Field!"
In strains that, pealing on the ear,
The warrior-shades might start to hear.
Oh, long shall live, in every note,
Where'er the Scottish lyre is strung,
The memory of BURNS, that wrote,
And TEMPLETON, that sung.

MADAME MALIBRAN.

PROFESSIONAL LETTERS.

Literally taking by storm the musical world of Europe and America, Malibran died at Manchester, where she had gone to take part in a charity festival, in September, 1836, at the early age of 28 years. She sang operas in three languages, and her compass comprised three octaves of rarest quality. The only singer who has at all approached her since, and that one only in part, has been JENNY LIND. The fascination of her acting enhanced the general charm. At the end of this work is printed a copy of the playbill of nearly the last of her performances, which conveys some slight idea of the interest taken in her by the public.

In Brighton, where actors and artistes, of the stage and song, appear in Theatre, Pavilion, and Saloon, or pass days of recreation on its pleasant shores—the professional letters of Malibran—a series of which will be found in the succeeding pages of this work—will be read with pleasure. No great singer who has visited England ever left so brilliant a memory behind her as Madame Garcia Malibran. Her *spirituel* animation, her charming vivacity, her bright womanhood, her early death, won alike the admiration and sympathy of all who had the privilege of her society, or the good fortune to come within the echo of her magic voice. She was the Siddons of song. She had the grand fervour of Rachel. Malibran sang in three languages, and

was great in each. Forty years after the grave closed over her, her reputation is the brightest of all the Daughters of Song. The reader will recall the impression produced by her in *La Norma* at Bologna, described by N. P. Willis.* It was the experience of her auditors in every land. "The incomparable creature sang with a fulness, an abandonment, a passionate energy and sweetness that seemed to come from a soul rapt and possessed beyond control with the melody it had undertaken. They had never done calling her upon the stage after the curtain had fallen. After six re-appearances she came out once more to the footlights, murmuring something inaudible from lips that showed strong agitation, she pressed her hands together, bowed till her long hair falling over her shoulders nearly touched her feet, and retired in tears. She is the Siren of Europe for me." Such was the peerless and impassioned Malibran.

Can the business life of so famous a singer be otherwise than one of curiosity and interest. Few can have any idea of it. Let the reader turn to the short series of letters to Bunn, which we have the opportunity of publishing. What playfulness and shrewdness of argument are there! What humour and directness! What clearness and persistence! She has difficulty about the English orthography — but her sentences have perfect idiomatic vigour. Her agreements are models of simplicity and exactness. She will not be unfair and she will not suffer unfairness, and she makes it impossible by the precision of terms she employs. Careful of her fame, she will not peril it by attempting what is unsuitable to her genius, and she understands exactly what her powers are. She shows that rare insight of knowing the measure of her own capacity. Great as was her fame, and indulgent as her admirers would be to occasional defects of execution, she is resolute never to need that indulgence. Genius consists in taking pains,

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* *Pencillings by the Way.* N. P. Willis.

and she takes pains to excel. Excellence implies labour and perfect mastery of the subject. She has the true artist's pride in perfect conversancy with all the details of success. Study, practice, rehearsal, that familiarity with her part that gives certainty in execution, she will attain at whatever cost of attention. Gaiety of life, brilliant friends, allurements of high society, are all at her command —waiting for her acceptance. She prefers to everything "her part," and gives all needful time to that, until she is mistress of it. In her greatest romance, George Sand describes the test of mastery in art. When Consuelo is about to make her first appearance before the great public as a singer, Porpora, her instructor, asks her "has she fear of the result," and, finding some apprehensiveness, he says, "thou must study further, my child." Fear, he knew, means uncertainty of power. Fully possessed by art, the soul is impatient to reveal it, and to confer upon others the pleasure and wonder of knowing it. Perfect art is heroic; its grand impatience casts out fear of failure. Malibran knew all this—she exemplified all this—and whatever letters of hers reveal the manner of her mind ever so incidentally, have interest to all who have the fine desire to excel; a desire which implies taste and patience; taste to choose high aims, and patience to master whatever is needful for success.

Malibran's transcendant power of expression in song was part of a natural endowment of literary expression. She died young—only twenty-eight. Had she lived, she might have written operas herself. Witness her playful and spirited arguments with Mr. Bunn. In Letter II., what can be more felicitous than her picturesque complaint that she "has distress in her purse"—"there is a complete fall in the public funds" in that depository of her salary. She appeals to Mr. Bunn as "the providence of poor chanters of music, as George Sand sings of the 'Good Goddess of Poverty.'" She puts up a pretty comic prayer that "her

purse may be filled," slyly reminding the manager that "his turn will come next." But we need not dwell upon points which the reader will distinguish for himself. Nor will he read without sympathy the painful recitals of successive singings, which shortened the days of the great Songstress.

LETTERS OF MME. MALIBRAN.

We are indebted to Mr. John Templeton—of whom we have already given interesting historical particulars—for this short series of striking professional letters of Malibran. Mr. Templeton was the great tenor singer whom Malibran chose to sing with her. Mme. Malibran, the great mezzo-soprano of modern times, appeared in England in 1833, 1835, and 1836. The letters we have marked 1st, 2nd, 3rd, refer to 1833. The articles of agreement, marked 4th, refer to 1835. The elaborate specification of terms in this document is instructive. The 5th note is dateless, and appears to have been dictated by Mme. Malibran and signed for her by her husband, Monsieur De Beriot, the same who is named in the extract we have appended to Letter 1st, who is to have a concert with a clear two-thirds of the proceeds. Letter 6th is dateless, but apparently relates to 1835. The subsequent letters 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, are general in their character, and may apply to any one of the three years in which the great singer visited England. Errors in orthography we leave in her English letters, as characteristics which enhance their individuality.

[I. Translated.]

"St. James's Street,

"6th May, 1833.

"My Dear Mr. Bunn,—Allow me to continue my correspondence with you in French. I explain myself more clearly, perhaps, in this language. In reply to what you tell me relative to the rights, which, according to you, I do not possess, to sing in any concert given in the locality of a theatre, I say that all the judges on the earth, whether English, French, Turks, or Chinese, will tell you that I have, in accordance with my engagement, the right to sing in any or all concert halls—rooms devoted to concerts—no matter in what locality they may be situated, or built. But this is not a question either of rights or of judges. I reply to you in this fashion only to make you believe, my dear director, that if you had a hundred thousand devils in your body, you would never be a match for Spanish brains. I prefer, therefore, your second alternative; it will, at least, prove to you that my interests are for me the least consideration, and that I desire nothing so much as to preserve between us those friendly relations which have hitherto subsisted. I propose, therefore, to give, during the month of May, one extra representation beyond those named in my engagement, for the benefit of the management of Drury Lane, on the express condition that you will put no obstacle,—not the slightest obstacle,—to any kind of concerts that may be offered me. Now, there I stop.

"I declare to you that this is for *the first time in my life!!* and I take some credit to myself, because I think you are a little hard on me.

"M. F. Malibran."

[Extract from a Subsequent Agreement Illustrating the Previous Letter.]

"Madam Malibran is hereby engaged to perform at either the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, or Theatre Royal,

Covent Garden, for the month of June, to perform three times per week, for the sum of £1,000 sterling, on the conditions of her previous engagement, except that she is at liberty to sing at all the Concerts, provided they do not interfere with the performances or rehearsals of the said Theatres. Monsieur de Beriot is also to have a Concert at one of the said Theatres, and is to be entitled to a clear two-thirds of the receipts of the evening.

"M. F. MALIBRAN.

"London,
"May 24th, 1833."

[II. TRANSLATED.]

"10th May.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot give you a decision at once. I must see the *rôle*, to know if it suits me. I must also have the piece. I am only sorry that you propose another thing, instead of the piece of Chelard, which I know *almost by heart*, which is an immense advantage for promptitude in acting. I know my subject, and am enchanted with it. Whilst as to the other, I don't know it at all, either music or words. There is yet one thing to re-call to your memory. When I set out for London, without receiving the remittance of Mr. Rothchild, then I expected to receive in London the first payment on the second of May, as is stipulated in my engagement,—that condition has not been fulfilled. I attribute the omission to the immense occupations the Theatre causes you; nevertheless, I am not provided with the necessary funds to wait longer. I beg you to dispatch to me, as quickly as possible, a draft on the banker with whom the first *deposit of one thousand pounds* has been made.

"Believe, my dear Mr. Bunn, that there is no ill temper on my part, still less want of confidence, but truly a distress in the purse. There is a complete fall in the *public*

funds of my purse. . . . Oh, Captain Poulihil! O! Providence of these poor *chanters of music!* Come to my assistance, without which I cannot be your very humble and very obedient servant, any more than the poor Amina, who says to you, with clasped hands! Ah, for pity sake, ah let me not awake . . . until the little bag is quite filled up with . . .

"You know it will be your turn next.

"MARIA.

"I request the *favour* of an *answer* about Chelard's opera."

[III. IN ENGLISH.]

"MY DEAR MR. BUNN,—In great haste, I answer your note, and accuse the receipt of a cheque of £1,000 pounds to be paid by Mr Charles Hopkinson, Barton and Co., being the other half of my engagement, which was finished the 31st May, 1833.

"With many thanks and compliments,

"M. F. MALIBRAN.

"8th June, 1833."

[IV. TRANSLATED.]

MADAME MALIBRAN'S ARTICLES OF ENGAGEMENT.

"Between us, the undersigned, on the one hand, Monsieur Bunn, director of the Covent Garden Theatre in London, and on the other hand, Madame Garcia Malibran, it has been arranged as follows :—

"Ar. 1.—Madame G. Malibran engages to sing nineteen representations in the above named theatre, these representations to extend from the 18th May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, to the first of July following.

"Ar. 2.—For these nineteen representations M. Bunn, on his side, engages to pay Madame Garcia Malibran

the sum of two thousand three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling, in the following manner :—

"Ar. 3.—Three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling, the amount of three representations, will be always paid in advance to Madame Garcia, before mid-day on the Monday of each week during the present engagement, at her residence, in London.

"Ar. 4.—Madame G. Malibran shall lend her name for one benefit-night, forming a twentieth representation, the proceeds of which shall belong entirely to the enterprise, Madame G. Malibran renouncing in advance any remuneration for this twentieth representation.

"Ar. 5.—In the case of Madame G. Malibran being prevented by indisposition from singing, she will inform M. Bunn, who, on this simple notice, must immediately change the bill of performance ; and, as a guarantee of good faith, Madame Malibran consents to return to M. Bunn, on the Saturday of each week, one hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling for each representation which her personal indisposition shall have prevented from taking place.

"Ar. 6.—But if, from any cause whatsoever, not depending on Madame G. Malibran, the three representations of the week should not be complete, then she would have nothing to return to M. Bunn.

"Ar. 7.—Madame G. Malibran engages to sing Bellini's 'Sonnambula' and the 'Marriage of Figaro.' With regard to the choice of any other works that may be proposed to her, it will be made by mutual consent between Madame G. Malibran and the entrepreneur, according to reciprocal arrangements.

"Ar. 8.—Madame G. Malibran must be in London by the 15th May, 1835, so as to be able to commence on the 18th of the same month.

"Ar. 9.—The theatrical costumes will be charged to the administration, and will be selected by Madame G. Malibran.

"Ar. 10.—Before, or during the continuance of the present engagement, Madame G. Malibran shall not exercise her talents in any theatre in London; but she reserves to herself the right to sing in any public or private concert, as also in those given in the little salle at the Haymarket Opera House, Argyll Rooms, Hanover square, King's Room, and, generally, in all places where concerts may be given.

"Ar. 11.—If the above-declared conditions are not strictly kept, Madame G. Malibran reserves the right of breaking the contract. Even in this case, M. Bunn would not the less owe to Madame G. Malibran one hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling for each representation that should have been effected.

"Ar. 12.—The representation, agreed to by Madame G. Malibran for the benefit of the entrepreneur, shall not be given except at the end, and as a complement, of the nineteen others.

"Mutual and *bonâ fide* transaction between the undersigned.

"Maria F. G. Malibran."
"A. Bunn."

[V. Translated.]

"I have just arrived, well, and at your service. I should like to go to the theatre this evening, in the Dress Circle or in a Box. Do you think I could go? One word in reply, and *my part, if you please.*

"In haste,
"Maria De Beriot.

"No. 59, Conduit street."

[VI. Translated.]

"My Dear Mr. Bunn,—Immediately after writing to you, I sat down to the piano to try over the score which you sent me. I am very sorry to be obliged to tell you that this part does not please me at all, and, as to the musique, I shall never sing it, it is quite a different style from mine; and, consequently, does not suit me in any way. I, therefore, return you the score, and beg you will not mention it to me again.

"Here, then, is my *reply*, positive and negative.

"Be pleased, therefore, when you have an opera to submit to me—be pleased, I say, to choose something which will suit me, and which is within my capabilities, and not beyond the limits of the little power I possess.

"With many compliments, in haste,

"Malibran."

[VII. Translated.]

"My Dear Mr. Bunn,—Pressed for time as I am, having but a few days to remain in London, as I leave for Italy *before the end of the month*, I would willingly accept your offer to play *the Sonnambula* in English for one night, but on the terms of *two hundred and fifty pounds sterling*, payable on the morning of the representation. I thought it right to let you know at once my intentions, so as not to lose time in correspondence and meetings, which would in no wise change my views.

"With best regards,

"M. F. Malibran.

"21 June.

"Saturday Morning.

"P.S.—Yes, or no, at once, if you please.

"To Mr. Bunn.

"In the case of your accepting, please mention the terms contained in the present letter."*

[VIII. Her own English.]

"St. James Street, Mardi.

"Again and again, alwais me, and eternally me, my dear Mister Bunn, I have been tormenting poor Chelard out of his wits. I want to have my part to practise it, know it, and be able to play in 10 days the latest. I am sure if you give proper orders for the copy of the parts, *we* shall be all ready, at least *I* will be ready in 8 days. . . . . but . . . . . rehearsals, parts, rehearsals, parts, orders, rehearsals, no rehearsals without parts, no parts without orders, and no orders without my eternal hints, and my never ending letters, since it appears you will not do me the high honour of comming at my house for a quarter of an hour to have a little settling chit-chat. However it may be, I wait your pleasure noble cousin, and humbly beg for an answer when it may suit your Majesty. Nonsense apart, pray say, *yes* or *no*, for it would be too late to give orders for the copies in a few days. We should not have the necessary time for learning.

"Believe me,

"Yours, &c., &c.,

"Maria M———."

[IX. In English.]

"My Dear Bunn,—I cannot promise to play the part of *Count Belino*. The music is exceedingly weak, and,

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* Speaking of Bunn, the then distinguished *entrepreneur*, leads us to the notable occasion on which Alfred Bunn, with a view to reduce the terms of her engagement, addressed Malibran, "Madame, you have lost your popularity!" The lady was enraged, and replied, "You say that!" and, almost carried beyond herself, went on the stage and sung in such grand style, that three times she and Templeton, her tenor, returned in response to the plaudits. When these were over, she faced Bunn majestically, shaking him by the collar, "Have I lost my popularity, Mister Bunn?"—*Brighton Guardian.*

after the *Sonnambula*, I am not capable of singing baby's music; however, I don't say positively *no* until I have seen both the *Music* and the *pice* again, for it is about eight years that I have not even herd the part; therefore, be so good as to send the whole to me, and I shall give you a *conscientious* answer, quite

"A LA MALIBRAN."

[X. IN ENGLISH.]

"MY DEAR MISTER BUNN,—I am so horse that I am really afraid not to be able to sing to-night. I tell you this in order to give you time to do something to prevent a noise this evening at the Theatres.

"It makes me the most unhappy being in the world. Do come and see me; you'll judge by yourself. You know, also, that, unless it was quite impossible for me to sing, I would not give it up upon the mere consideration of hurting myself a little.

"Come—that's the best way to see the evidence of what I tell you in the greatest distress.

"MARIA."

[XI. IN ENGLISH.]

"MY DEAR MR. BUNN,—As I left the Theatre last night, I received this letter, which I send to you, not knowing what to do with it.* Do you know that it strikes me, if you let this letter go to the *Times*, it will only make things worse. For it seems to me that the writer takes too much notice of the King's Theatre being *well attended*, as I believe he says. What do you think of that?

"I think, if you were to answer in my name, that I would prefer that he should not take any notice of me, or,

---

* This letter we are not able to give in our series.

if he did, not to say anything about the Italian Theatre, nor of my losing popularity in the credit of the aristocratic folks. What do you think of that?

"I never take any notice of these things, but this time, as it so happens that my opinion is asked upon the question, and as I am afraid that such an article in the newspaper, *Times*, might have some bad influence upon the mind of the tender feet, *thick ancles*, and *read elbows* of the suprematy of high ranked, curled up *tittled noses*, I think it exceedingly wise, prudent, and *circumspect* to pop into your room my letter enfolding the enclosed; upon which you must *ruminate* and deliberate, and *muse* the whole of to-morrow morning, until your ideas will be expounded on the precious subject, and upon the many *ortographical* mistakes made, both in writing and spelling.

"By your most obedient
scribbler and nonsense teller,
"MARIA, &c., &c.

"Monday—after having been delighted with the German Singers."

THE PLAYBILL

Of nearly her Last Appearance in Opera

conveys some slight hint of the interest taken in Malibran by the public :—

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MALIBRAN'S HUMOUR.

Albert Smith used to relate the following anecdote. Whilst in Italy, in 1833, a large party was assembled at a mansion where an evening concert was taking place, and which was interrupted by the grinding of a hurdy-gurdy outside. Malibran, turning to Lablache and John Parry, said : "We'll drive him away by a hurdy-gurdy of our own." She then requested them to sustain notes forming a kind of drone on the common chord, at the same time pinching their noses, whilst she herself gave a wondrous imitation of the sonorous tones of that mellifluous instrument. Amidst the merriment of the company, the disconcerted itinerant musician, who could not stand the rivalry, was fairly driven off the field.

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